

## **This Amount of Sin Doesn't Deserve a Title by FrazzledSquidz**

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**Summary:**

“What's the game plan?”

“Well...” Nancy paused. “Well I've already slept with both of you, so you guys should probably have sex first.”

## This Amount of Sin Doesn't Deserve a Title

### Author's Note:

This is pretty fucking long. Every time I tried to wrap it up they were like NO, MORE so... buckle up.

Technically a sequel to Elton's on the Air but it's definitely just porn without any redeeming value so it can be read alone.

Steve sighed out a gust of cigarette smoke, impatiently waiting for Jonathan and Nancy to meet him at his car. It was a Friday afternoon, which was usually enough reason for excitement, and this day they were all ready to take their new relationship to the next level. Steve's parents had gone to some business conference for the weekend and were on their way to Indianapolis right about now, leaving them with plenty of time and privacy.

For the past two weeks they'd been getting more comfortable being a threesome, which mostly just consisted of a lot of making out and some heavy petting. They'd all gotten turned on plenty of times, but Nancy was adamant that their first time together couldn't be rushed. When his parents had told him he'd have the house to himself for the weekend Steve quickly pitched the idea of taking advantage of the space to his... partners? Partners. They'd readily agreed.

However, the waiting game was killing Steve. He hadn't jacked off this much since he was 14. He'd actually skipped his last class, his concentration shot, to chain-smoke outside and wait. It might have been a mistake; he was getting more wound up by the minute.

Finally the school bell rang, making Steve's spine straighten. He had no idea what to expect from their first time together, but was desperately excited all the same. He was a little nervous about sex with Jonathan, since he wasn't entirely sure how it was supposed to work, but he was confident they'd figure it out.

Jonathan came out first, fidgeting with the strap of his messenger bag. When he glanced up and saw Steve grinning at him he smiled

back, looking relieved. It killed Steve how Byers doubted them, or rather their feelings towards him. It was like as soon as he was alone all of his uncertainties crowded around his brain and made him forget their time together.

Steve threw his smoke aside as Jonathan got closer, aching to draw him in for a kiss or at least a hug. But even he knew that'd be a bad idea. "Byers," he greeted, unable to stop his wide grin.

Jonathan smiled back shyly. "Hey."

Nancy came out soon after, also beaming, leaving them all to fidget and try not to stare at each other until Will called out for Jonathan, alerting him to his well-being. Jonathan waved back, visibly relaxing.

"Awesome." Steve rubbed his hands together, trying not to sound overeager even though he totally was. "Ready to go?"

"Want to sit in the back together?" Nancy asked Jonathan, eyes bright with excitement.

"Sure," he replied, smiling down at her in adoration.

"Rude!" Steve remarked without fire, swinging himself into the driver's seat. He gunned it out of the parking lot as soon as they were in the car, extremely distracted by the sounds of Nancy and Jonathan kissing in the back seat.

He peeled into his driveway in record time, throwing his car into park. The three of them scrambled out of the car, Nancy bursting into laughter as her books went flying out of her arms and into the front lawn. Jonathan helped her pick them up as Steve unlocked the house. He shoved through the front door, hearing the others follow him in, and turned around. He grabbed the first person he saw, it happened to be Jonathan, reeled him in by the strap of his bag, and kissed him soundly.

Jonathan made a sound between a laugh and a sigh against his lips, hands coming up to cup Steve's face. Steve heard the door shut as he eliminated the space between their bodies, his hands framing Jonathan's hips as his tongue slipped into his mouth. God Steve was

so ready.

He felt a small, cool hand touch his lower back, then Nancy was hugging him from behind. Steve broke the kiss to smile over his shoulder at her, and she grinned up at him in return.

“Excited?” Nancy teased.

“Byers could tell you,” he shot back, glancing at the other boy. Their hips were still pressed together; Steve knew he could feel his hardness.

A blush touched Jonathan’s cheeks, his smile all nervous giddiness.  
“Yeah.”

“Let’s go upstairs,” Nancy suggested, planting a loud kiss on Steve’s shoulder blade before she drew back.

He reluctantly let go of Jonathan and stepped back, raising his eyebrows at the other boy. “The lady has a plan.”

Jonathan laughed a little, crossing his arms in front of his body. “She always does.”

They left their shoes and school stuff in the kitchen before making their way up to Steve’s room. The giddy, excited energy was still there, but tinged with nervousness. This night could either make or break them and Steve was pretty damn sure they were all hoping for the former.

*Stop thinking about it so much,* Steve admonished himself, watching Nancy’s ass as she climbed the stairs ahead of him. Everything was going to be fine.

And then they found themselves in Steve’s spacious room, trying really hard not to look nervous.

“What’s the game plan?” Steve blurted out, looking to Nancy.

“Well...” She paused. “Well I’ve already slept with both of you, so you guys should probably have sex first.”

Steve suddenly found it difficult to breathe. He turned to Jonathan, who looked like he was having the same problem, and rose his eyebrows in askance. Jonathan swallowed and nodded, moving closer hesitantly, as if he wasn't sure if he'd be welcomed. Steve closed the distance between them with one big step, looping an arm around Jonathan's waist while his free hand settled at his hip, tugging him close.

"Okay?" he asked, absolutely meaning it. Jonathan had told them a little about his dad and Steve knew he still got hung up on random things, especially stuff involving other men. Steve found he didn't care so much, personally.

Jonathan looked a little nervous, but nodded firmly. "Yeah." He brought up his hands to cup the back of Steve's head, drawing their mouths together.

Jonathan's kisses were... *sweet*, which was maybe a weird descriptor but Steve couldn't think of another word. It was like he was giving away small gifts and wanted them to be well-received, even as he knew they were gold.

Steve absolutely wanted him to be in control of this whole thing, but he also wanted to get Jonathan hot and bothered. With that goal in mind, he gently deepened the kiss and ran his right hand up under Jonathan's shirt, touching the soft skin of his belly. It made Jonathan gasp a little and momentarily twitch away, but then press closer. Steve tightened the arm he had around his waist, encouraging him. He felt Jonathan's hands slid up into his thick hair.

The air between them quickly became heated. Steve briefly explored Jonathan's chest, then pushed both hands down to grab his ass, causing the other boy to lift up on his toes and gasp into his mouth. Jonathan tightened his grip in Steve's hair, which drove Steve *wild*.

He broke their kiss abruptly, pulling back a little. Jonathan's eyes were so, so dark. "Get on the bed. I'll be right back." Steve had just remembered that he'd left his condoms and lube in the bathroom.

They both looked over at Nancy, who was perched on the edge of the bed looking starstruck. They untangled themselves as Jonathan

stepped over towards her and Steve hurried to his bathroom. He'd meant to move that stuff last night so this wouldn't happen, but he'd been so distracted he'd totally forgotten.

When he came back Jonathan and Nancy were making out on the bed, the long line of Jonathan's body pressing her gently into the mattress. Steve's dick throbbed as he made his way around, noticing the hand that Jonathan had slipped up under Nancy's black skirt.

He threw himself down beside them, absently adjusting himself as the motion cause Jonathan and Nancy to look over at him, lust-dazed. "Don't stop on my account," he teased, voice husky.

Nancy blinked and she gently pushed Jonathan away from her. "No. I want to watch you two."

Jonathan sat back and wound up kneeling between her legs, eyes traveling down Steve's body, lingering on the bulge in his jeans.

Steve rolled over onto his back, the retrieved supplies resting between him and Nancy. "You set the pace, Byers."

Jonathan hesitated, that familiar anxiety creeping into his expression, chasing away the lust.

Steve sat up and reached for him, delighting when Jonathan leaned forward. He cupped a hand around the back of his neck and drew him into a kiss, trying to incite that passion again. "C'mon, man," he murmured against Jonathan's mouth, letting some of his need creep into his voice. "I'm already hard for you."

Jonathan pulled away just far enough to search Steve's eyes, as if doubting his sincerity. Steve fell back and grinned, trying to pull Jonathan down with him. After a moment the other boy stretched out beside him, tangling their legs together. He started kissing Steve again the same time he slipped a hand under his shirt, tracing his abs and ribs.

Steve brought a hand up to cup the back of Jonathan's head, trying to encourage him. They made out lazily for awhile, absently touching each other. Steve was aware that Nancy was behind Jonathan,

petting his back underneath his shirt and pressing kisses to his shoulders and neck.

Then suddenly it wasn't enough. Something sparked between them, making Jonathan's kisses grow deeper and more desperate. Steve brought his free hand up to grab his hip, pulling him closer. Jonathan took the hint and pressed their hips together gently, but gentle was not what Steve wanted. He rocked up into Jonathan and they both gasped as they rubbed against each other through their jeans, Jonathan shuddering above him.

A breathy moan escaped the other boy and he broke the kiss to stare down at Steve, wide-eyed. Steve planted his feet on the bed, rocking his thigh up between Jonathan's legs. Jonathan bit his lip around another gasp and brought his own leg up, looking shocked and pleased when Steve desperately ground against it.

“Fuck, Byers,” he grit out, pulling him back down to kiss him sloppily.

They rocked and ground against each other, alternating between kissing and panting against each other's mouths, winding themselves up higher and higher. Steve knew he would be able to come, just from this, but he wanted more. He wanted to touch Jonathan.

“Can I-” he gasped out, barely forming the question before Jonathan hastily nodded. Steve sat up as Jonathan rolled over, moving to get comfortable. Steve knelt between his legs, taking a moment to strip off his own shirt and draw Nancy into a kiss. “You alright?” he asked her, panting.

She nodded, eyes wide and face slightly pink. “You two are lovely together.”

He grinned and pushed his hair back from his face. He gave her another quick kiss before refocusing on Jonathan, who was looking overwhelmed in the best way. Steve bent over, pressing hot kisses to his neck as he slid both hands underneath his shirt, pushing it up slowly. After a moment of hesitation Jonathan lifted his arms, letting Steve take it off him.

Steve had had quite a few (okay, kind of a lot) of partners before. None of them had ever been men, but he knew what he liked and he knew what most girls liked. More importantly, he knew to pay attention to the way his partners moved and sounded, and he knew to trust his instincts. Steve lavished attention on Jonathan, wanting to abolish every bit of self-consciousness the other boy possessed. He nipped along his jaw and neck as his hands palmed Jonathan's nipples, stroked his flanks, and grabbed roughly at his hips, drinking in every breathless noise he made in response.

When Jonathan didn't seem to know what to do with his hands, Steve pressed his lips to his ear and breathed, "Pull my hair, Byers. It drives me *crazy*." And, God bless him, he did.

Steve moved down, nipping along his pale collarbone as Jonathan roughly fisted his thick hair, hissing at the particularly sharp bites. Steve let his right hand drift further down, petting his thigh for a moment before cupping between his legs.

Jonathan gasped and groaned and moved his hips, absently yanking on Steve's hair. The wet sounds above his head clued Steve into the fact that Nancy and Jonathan were making out, so it seemed like a good opportunity to unbutton Jonathan's pants and figure out how sensitive his nipples were.

Not very, it turned out. But he damn near lost his mind when Steve drew the other boy's dick out of his boxers and started stroking it leisurely.

"Steve!" Jonathan gasped, sounding vaguely scandalized, yanking on his hair and twitching his hips up.

"Oh. He's bright red," Nancy murmured somewhere above Steve's head, sounding thrilled.

He would bet his bottom dollar that Jonathan had never had anyone worship him before, never had anyone to pay this close attention to his body. It sounded like his time with Nancy had been half-drunk and half-desperate; fun but quick. What else could he do to shock Jonathan?

An idea flickered in his brain. Steve tongued Jonathan's belly-button, still lazily stroking his cock, as he thought it over. He loved eating girls out... Would blowing a guy be that different?

Gripping the base of Jonathan's dick, Steve lowered his head and lapped the head of it. It tasted weird- not great, not terrible- but the sound it punched out of Jonathan totally made it worth it.

He glanced up, grinning at Jonathan's heaving chest and shocked, pink face. Nancy also looked surprised and incredibly turned on, her lower lip going white between her teeth. She turned back to Jonathan and started kissing him again, so Steve decided to swallow the head of his dick, sucking a little as that encouraged more fluid to spurt out.

Jonathan made sounds like he was dying, tugging at Steve's hair frantically. Nancy was laughing breathlessly, a sign that she was both ridiculously aroused as well as happy, between smacking wet kisses to various parts of Jonathan's body.

“Steve- *Steve*,” Jonathan cried out in warning after awhile, voice raised several octaves.

Steve pulled off his dick with a pop and started pumping it rapidly. Jonathan stuttered out a yell, arched his back, and then came in short, scattered bursts all up his chest and his stomach.

“Holy shit!” Jonathan gasped, collapsing back against the mattress. He brought his hands up to cover his face, shivering a little.

Steve sat up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he met Nancy's fever-bright eyes. He gently tucked Jonathan back into his boxers and pulled his unfastened jeans up a little, pressing one more kiss to his belly. He was still hard, but Steve thought he might like a semblance of privacy. He squirmed between Nancy and Jonathan, lightly stroking the other boy's sweaty flank. “Alright, Byers?”

Jonathan moved his hands up, pushing back his hair to stick up wildly. “God yeah. Nancy's turn?”

“Absolutely,” Steve agreed, leering at her.

She sat up on her knees, tossing her hair. “Sit back, Harrington.”

Fuck yes; he loved when Nancy was horny and bossy. He rolled over onto his back, moved some pillows, and sat up against the headboard. Steve quickly shoved his jeans and briefs down his legs, kicking them off, as Nancy peeled her shirt over her head sinuously and rolled down her pantyhose and underwear, leaving her skirt on. She climbed up and straddled Steve's lap, cupping his face and kissing him hotly.

Now with Nancy, Steve knew exactly what he was doing. They had dated for almost a year, after all, and their awkward sexual fumbling with each other was pretty much over. Even though they had made out a couple of times the last few months, Steve had desperately missed sex with Nancy Wheeler.

He knew she liked to keep her bra on, that she felt sexier in it, so he left it alone and focused on her legs, touching her calves and the back of her thighs with deft fingers as they pressed their tongues together. Steve eventually slipped his hands up under her skirt, palming her butt and making her smile against his lips.

He wasn't sure what it was about skirts, but they drove him wild. Nancy knew that. Actually, she knew almost everything about him. This was evident when she tucked her hand up under her skirt and started fingering herself, gasping raggedly. Steve pushed his hand down, covering hers, and gently joined their fingers together inside of her.

“You're so wet,” he mumbled, meeting her eyes.

Nancy grinned. “You and Jonathan are really, really lovely together.” They both glanced over at said boy, his face drawn in longing and arousal.

“Touch yourself, Byers,” Steve told him gently, slipping two of his fingers fully up into Nancy and making her moan breathily.

Jonathan bit his lip, his dark eyes like black holes as he tentatively pressed his hand to the front of his boxers.

Steve focused back on Nancy, on gently stretching her with two fingers. After a moment he added a third, curving them into that spongy bit that made her cry out and rock down onto his fingers harder. Steve's free hand traced her hip bone under her skirt, the smooth fabric whispering against the back of it.

“Move, Harrington,” Nancy demanded, pushing his hand away from her hip and shoving a condom into it.

“Put it on me,” he challenged with a cheeky grin, trying to give it back.

Jonathan sat up, plucking it from his fingers. “I’ll do it,” he offered quietly, looking a little uncertain.

Steve grinned and shifted his fingers within Nancy, making her gasp again and rock her hips. He kept pressure on her G-spot as Jonathan sidled up alongside them. He kissed Steve absently as he reached down and stroked him a few times, studying him closely as if he were about to protest. After a moment he carefully opened the condom and rolled it down Steve’s dick.

“Got the lube?” Steve asked breathlessly as Nancy moved with greater need on his fingers.

Jonathan reached beside him and grabbed it, flicking open the top and pouring a generous amount right onto Steve’s shaft. He smeared the lube around before sitting back, pulling his own dick out and fisting it as he watched them.

Nancy grabbed the base of his cock and shifted up a little. Steve eased his fingers free and she sank down on him smoothly, making him gasp and groan as Nancy’s velvety wet heat surrounded him. And then she was moving before he had time to fully adjust. Steve tossed his head back with a groan, pushing his hips up into Nancy, as the wet sounds of sex surrounded him. Both Jonathan and Nancy looked wrecked in the best way, and Steve couldn’t wait to repeat this experience.

Steve used both hands on Nancy’s ass to angle her as he thrust up over and over, watching her breasts bounce within her lacy pink bra.

Jonathan was gasping quietly beside him and Nancy was running her own hands through her hair, looking desperate and beautiful. He wasn't going to last very long.

Steve brought one hand around and started rubbing the pads of his first two fingers against her clit, causing her to shriek in pleasure. Nancy's hands slapped down against his chest as she frantically rode him and brought herself closer to completion.

“C’mon, guys,” he found himself muttering, desperate to see them both come. “Let go.”

Nancy did first, throwing her head back and crying out in gradually rising octaves until her pleasure finally peaked. Her inner walls clamped down around Steve, making him gasp and pulling him over the edge as well. Absently, he heard Jonathan to his left, groaning around his own finish.

Nancy eventually released him and pulled away, panting lightly as she fell beside him. “God I missed sex.”

Steve couldn't help but giggle, wrapping his left arm around Nancy's shoulders and his right around Jonathan's, hugging them close. “Yeah, that was awesome.”

Jonathan scooted closer, rubbing his sweaty forehead against Steve's shoulder. He didn't say anything, but his face was bright with happiness and his whole body was relaxed and pliant against Steve's. They were all wet and sticky and smelly and Steve fucking loved it.

“You guys aren't done yet, right?” Nancy asked, picking her head up and grinning at the two boys.

Jonathan looked surprised but Steve resolutely shook his head. “Hell no!”

“Good.” She absently kissed Steve's chest. “Because Steve has an enormous shower that we can take advantage of...”

Steve disposed of the used condom while the other two peeled off the last of their clothes. Within no time they were giggling under the steaming spray, mostly because Steve couldn't manage to keep his

hands off his partners. He just couldn't resist palming Jonathan's dick, tweaking Nancy's nipples, pressing his fingertips to their chests and sides and asses and shoulders.

"Steve!" Nancy yelled in faux irritation, wrapping her arms from around his waist from behind, effectively trapping him. She bit his shoulder in warning before looking over at Jonathan. "He's insatiable."

Jonathan raised his eyebrows, but he was grinning. "I'm noticing." His hair was wet and slicked back, fully revealing the strange and beautiful planes of his face.

Steve chuckled, resting his hands on her thin wrists and leaning back against her just a little. "What're you gonna do about it, Wheeler?" He felt incandescent with happiness.

Her arms shifted in his loose grip and pressed south, both of her hands wrapping around his dick and fondling him. He hummed in pleasure as excitement sparked inside of him, closing his eyes and rocking lazily into her hold.

"Want to help, Jonathan?"

At the other boy's name Steve opened his eyes to find the other boy staring at them hungrily. God he would never get tired of those dark eyes. "Yeah," he encouraged, grinning lazily. "Wanna help?"

Jonathan's gaze raked over him as he stepped forward, absently biting his bottom lip. His back took most of the shower spray, but Steve could still feel a few drops speckling his chest and legs. Nancy moved her hands to cradle his hips as she started nipping at his shower-warm skin and licking the water from his shoulders. Steve felt his breathing hitch and deepen as Jonathan brought his hands up to glide feather-light along his torso, looking a little awestruck.

"I don't bite," Steve promised, surprised by how husky his voice was. He was rock-hard already.

"Liar," Nancy admonished, chewing on his shoulder blade.

Jonathan's eyes flicked up to meet his as he stepped closer, flattening

his palms against Steve's nipples. Steve rocked into them a little, loving the rasp of Jonathan's hands, and bent his head forward, looking for a kiss.

Jonathan sealed their lips together and deepened their kiss almost immediately. Steve had Nancy's lips on the nape of his neck and her hands curled around his hips while he had Jonathan's tongue in his mouth and his palms rubbing his nipples. Life could not get better.

Of course, Jonathan had to go and prove that thought wrong immediately when he grabbed Steve's dick with his right hand and twisted a nipple with his left.

“Ah shit!” Steve gasped, undulating into the touches as his hands jumped up to cup the back of Jonathan's head. Unlike the other boy, Steve definitely had sensitive nipples. (He never played skins in basketball.) He tipped Jonathan's head back further, kissing him as deeply as he could.

Jonathan panted against his mouth as he started pumping his hand, making Steve squirm. The hands around him moved and, though he couldn't be sure, he thought that Nancy's hand had taken up residence around his left nipple while her right reached around to cup and play with his balls while Jonathan's stayed where they were. Steve groaned wildly as they both started to move their palms and fingers; none of the touches were consistent and it was driving him crazy in the best way.

Steve's moans were picking up pace as Jonathan's pumping hand brought him closer to the edge, until he had to break the kiss and pant wildly just to get some oxygen. Jonathan took that as a sign to move his left hand up and grab a fistful of Steve's thick, wet hair. He yanked it back roughly the same time he sank his teeth into Steve's collarbone, making him cry out loudly and come messily up both of their chests.

“Jesus,” Steve panted as Jonathan took a step back. He sagged gently into Nancy's hold as her arms wrapped around his chest.

“He's good, isn't he?” Nancy murmured, and even had the gall to sound smug about it.

“Was that okay?” Jonathan asked seriously, his dark eyes meeting Steve's shyly as he absently wiped his mouth.

Steve guffawed. “Uh, did I come like a damn freight train yes that was okay! C'mere.” He held his arms out, wrapping them around Jonathan's shoulders as he obediently stepped closer, drawing him into a hug.

Nancy giggled, pressing herself along his back. “That was great. Let's do it again!”

“Byers, calm your woman.” Steve yelped as Nancy pinched his hip.

“Excuse me,” she huffed. “*Some* of us have only had one orgasm!”

The boys drew apart. Jonathan raised his eyebrows at Steve meaningfully. “She's right.”

Steve sighed mightily. “She always is. Okay, fine. Byers, let me show you how to make Nancy Wheeler lose her damn mind.”

She snorted inelegantly. “Try me, Harrington.”

Oh he so wanted to have Jonathan grab the detachable shower head and hear Nancy's screams echo around the bathroom. But it was a little tricky with three people and the water was already cooling down.

They soaped up and rinsed off quickly, then happily wrapped themselves up in the Harringtons' huge fluffy towels. Nancy and Jonathan got distracted kissing each other so Steve took the opportunity to grab Byers' hips and press up against him from behind. He'd done anal once with a girl and was super excited to try it with Jonathan at some point, depending on how the other boy felt about it

Eventually they made their giggling, breathless way back to bed. They fell in graceless sprawls and started touching and kissing each other wherever they could reach, the air between them heating up quickly.

Steve reached over and pinned Jonathan to the bed by his shoulder,

nipping at his neck before whispering in his ear, “Eat Nancy out, Byers.” She loved it and Steve was hot to witness it.

Jonathan shivered a little and, after pressing a kiss to Steve's cheek, pushed up and rolled over Nancy. They kissed deeply as Steve settled beside them, pressing his fingertips to their ribs gently, just wanting to feel them.

Jonathan kissed his way down until he was nosing at the curls between Nancy's legs. Her breathing deepened and her back arched in a way that made Steve harden fully, desire spiking up his spine. He reached over and rubbed his palm over her nipples, massaging her breasts gently.

Nancy's started moaning and crying out softly as Jonathan lapped at her. Steve looked down and watched the other boy move between her legs, feeling light-headed from lust at the sight. “Fuck, Byers,” he groaned.

Those dark eyes glanced up at him, strands of his hair falling across his forehead from where they had been slicked back. The hand that Nancy had trapped between her and Steve moved, pulling at him, so he pushed himself up and started kissing her hungrily. Nancy cried out long and sweet against his lips, and he knew Jonathan had refocused on his task.

They stayed like that for a few long minutes, winding Nancy up higher and higher, trying to keep her pinned to the mattress as she squirmed and writhed. Steve ducked his head to bite at her neck as he reached down. He briefly encountered Jonathan's face before he curled two fingers up into her and the other boy moved up to tongue her clit energetically. As Steve felt Byers' wet chin against his hand he thought his brain was going to fall out the back of his head.

As they worked together Nancy shrieked and bucked and screamed and Steve felt her hand grip the back of his hair tightly and *yank*, making him cry out in surprise and pleasure. Finally her inner walls clamped down around Steve's fingers tightly as her thighs trembled and her hips jerked like she was being electrocuted. He drew back from the soft skin of her neck to see her other hand twisted into Jonathan's hair at the top of his head, pulling it roughly.

As she released her death-grip Jonathan pulled back, looking dazed and ridiculously aroused, the whole lower half of his face shining with her juices. Nancy melted into a gasping, trembling puddle underneath them as Steve gently extracted his fingers, using that same hand to grab Jonathan's chin and bring their lips together.

The only thing better than eating out Nancy Wheeler was licking that taste out of Jonathan Byers' mouth.

"Fuck," Jonathan gasped as Steve crawled over Nancy's legs and pushed him onto his back, settling on top of him hungrily.

Steve was simultaneously impressed with their ability to be hard again while also not being terribly surprised. He hadn't had this kind of marathon sex in a long time, but with these two in his bed it was no head-scratcher. He fisted Jonathan's cock roughly and started pumping it, just to wring those painfully-aroused sounds from the back of his throat. Steve scraped his teeth down the front of his throat, down to his clavicle, chewing on the edge of his collarbone.

"Steve," Jonathan whined and fuck if Steve wouldn't face another adult Demogorgon if he got to hear that again.

"What?" he breathed, slowing down his ruthless pace and bringing his face back up to nuzzle Jonathan's cheek.

"Will you- Can you-" he stuttered, hips bucking sporadically.

Steve slowed down even more until he was just palming at Jonathan's dick, pushing himself up so he could meet those dark eyes. "Anything."

A blush crawled down Jonathan's cheeks and onto his chest. "Can you touch me?" he whispered.

Steve wanted to be snarky and teasing, but also he was hard as hell and wanted to get off again. "Where?" he asked, bending back down to gently bite Jonathan's earlobe.

"Um." His breath stuttered, chest heaving against Steve's. "Inside me?" Byers jerked and moaned loudly as Steve accidentally tightened his hand around him out of shock and dizzy anticipation.

“Fuck, Byers,” he breathed, pausing as he fought back his orgasm. “Fuck.”

“I mean you don’t have to if you don’t want to I just-”

“Oh my god shut up,” Steve panted, pushing himself up and glancing toward the pillows, where he’d last seen the lube. Nancy was already handing it to him, red-faced and her pupils so blown there was almost no color in her eyes. She had her free hand between her legs already.

Steve sat back, both to grab the lube and to get some air. He was too wound up already and he didn’t want this to end any sooner than it had to.

“Here.” Jonathan was holding his hand out for the lube.

Steve blinked before passing it over to him. “Have you...?” He felt himself blushing at the thought.

Jonathan bit his lip and nodded. “Just a couple of times.” He flipped open the tube and squirted a generous amount on his right hand. He spread his legs wide on either side of Steve’s knees and brought his slick hand between them, starting to rub at his hole. His breath stuttered out of him and Nancy moaned from behind a gaping Steve.

Though Steve was no expert, it definitely seemed like Jonathan knew what he was doing. He rubbed the pads of his fingers against his opening for a few moments before dipping one inside up to his knuckle, shifting his hips to accommodate the intrusion. Jonathan’s left hand came down to touch his weeping erection as he started gently pumping his finger.

Steve touched his own dick, feeling like the air was being squeezed out of his lungs. Nancy whimpered slightly from the right of him, quietly asking, “Did you think of us? When you did this before?”

“Yes,” Jonathan gasped, touching the point of his middle finger to himself.

Steve didn’t know much, but he did know that he would die if he didn’t become an active participant *right now*. He moved forward and

brought his hand up, oh so gently touching Jonathan's finger where it disappeared inside of him. "Can I-?"

Jonathan nodded frantically, easing his hand away and grabbing the lube. "Here."

Steve slicked up his own fingers, accidentally getting lube everywhere, and started rubbing between the other boy's legs, letting his finger pads catch against the edge of his opening. Jonathan groaned and spread his legs impossibly wide, raking his hands up into his hair. Steve gently pushed a finger inside, feeling breathless when Jonathan easily opened up around him and accepted it. He was so hot and so tight and Steve couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like if Jonathan did this to him...

As he was getting Jonathan used to the idea of a second finger, Nancy came up alongside them and slid her hand smoothly up his dick, making Jonathan gasp and buck and take Steve's fingers deeper which in turn made them all lose their damn minds.

They fell apart rather quickly after that. Nancy had one hand pressed against her clit and one around Jonathan while Steve had one inside Jonathan and one around himself, and beneath them Jonathan white-knuckled the sheets on either side of his hips and shouted his way to another explosive orgasm. Nancy groaned and sighed, her thighs shaking, while Steve allowed himself to come all over the pale insides of Jonathan's thighs, joining the mess of lube there.

Steve and Nancy gently extracted themselves and fell on either side of Jonathan, desperately trying to catch their breaths and shivering with the aftershocks of pleasure.

After awhile their bodies relaxed, the tides of their orgasms inching away. Jonathan sighed, rubbing the back of his hand across his face. "We're going to need another shower."

"Not yet," Nancy grumped, rolling over and slinging an arm around his middle, smearing into the mess there without a care.

"Agreed," Steve managed around a yawn, also rolling over and looping his arm over Jonathan's chest and around Nancy's back. He

squished his face into Jonathan's pec. "Nap first."

Steve felt Jonathan's hand lace through the back of his hair, gently petting him. "Well, alright," he agreed quietly, sounding amused. "Nap first."

**Author's Note:**

#SIN

(I'm already planning another sexy installment lol  
who am i)